

THE KISS.

"He's going to kiss me," wist the maid, And, in her roguish heart, she smiled; And, deeper in the ambuscade, Straightway with eyes and lips be-
galled.
A challenge was each dimple wee, And looked each earnest frown of hair, While ran her mind, in wicked glee, "The stupid thing! He doesn't dare!"
"I'm going to kiss her!" cowed the man, And chuckled, and was in a cove, And flattered, and now began To feel a weakness in the knee.
To seem, somehow, a downright shame Deliberately to scheme like this, And play so treacherous a game Upon so innocent a miss!
The conversation fitful grows; Demure is she as any nun; With sudden grit, the attack he tore— A start—a smack—the deed is done! ("High time, the thing!" she inveighs.) "You planned!" he snickers, sheepish-ly.
"How dare you!" she rebukes, ablaze, "I did it ere I thought!" pleads he.

"JOHN"

By H. H. McCausland

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"Need some help?"
Job Allison straightened himself from his stooped position, leaned upon the scythe and looked critically at his interrogator.
"What kin ye do?"
The young man placed his hand upon the top rail of the fence and sprang lightly over, saying carelessly: "Oh, almost anything."
Again the farmer scrutinized him from head to foot. His lip gave a slightly disdainful curl as he said, sarcastically:
"Ye'll find a scythe hangin' in that tree yander; git it an' see ef ye kin keep outen my way."
The young man soon returned, and taking the proffered scythe-stone from Job's hand, drew it along the edge of the blade with a regularity, rapidly, and recklessness that made Job's eyes open. Then, swinging into position, he asked: "Ready?"
Farmer Allison nodded, rolled his sleeves a bit higher, spat upon his hands, and ordered: "Lead out."
The stranger "led out" with a pace Job Allison had not tackled in twenty years. For a dozen rods their scythes swung with perfect rhythm. Then the young man's athletic training came into play and in a few moments Allison's panting sounded in his ears like the puffs of a receding locomotive and, finally ceased.
As he threw his scythe out, at the end, Allison turned and looked at the swath, straight as a line; the path smooth, clean and regular, then again critically eyed the stranger.
"What mou't yer name be?"
"John."
Job had always prided himself on not being "one of them fellows whose tongues wag twice to their brains once." He was not quite satisfied with the answer, yet there was that mysterious something about this man that checked further inquiry.
"Well, John, ye kin stay."
Three years later he had learned those facts about that bird man:
He was an indefatigable worker, an expert farmer, honest, reliable, and his name was "John."
Up to ten years before the coming of John, Job had been a prosperous farmer. A few bad moves on the market chess-board, a few scourgings in Solomon's school, learning that "He that is a surety for a stranger shall smart for it," and his fine three-hundred acre farm had dwindled to sixty.
"I tell you, Marier, I'm agin it—everlastingly and eternally agin it. Fer why? Because I'm gettin' old and can't work the farm many years longer, and I'm opposed to Marier marryin' an pig-headed, higherfutin', patent farmer as don't know the difference between a post-hole and a pig-track. And him a settlin' up on a high

"If what, papa?"
Martha's gray eyes, brimming over with laughter, completely upset her father's equilibrium as she seated herself at the breakfast table.
"Why, I was jest a-tellin' yer ma—that is, I was jest a-sayin'—or, reether, I was jest agoin' to say, ef you war'n't too dead sot about that feller, as how, mebbey, it 'ud be better fer you to wait a little while afore you git married. Of course, I want to see you do well. If you would wait, say a



Strode up and down in a torrent of passion.

couple of years, mebbey—Hugh Danely 'ud—"
"I'll never marry Hugh Danely."
"By Jeeminy, you shall."
"I will not."
Their eyes met; his determined, hers defiant.
He laid his knife and fork beside his plate, wiped his mouth upon the corner of the tablecloth, and shaking his finger at her threateningly, said: "Martha, I don't allow no child of mine to disobey me. Ef you don't want to mind, you kin go. You understand?"
She did understand; there was no mistaking his meaning now; he was desperately in earnest. She arose from her seat, pale and trembling. It was the last day of her annual six weeks' vacation.
For five years she had held a position in the Pension department at Washington, and during this period her father, through mercenary motives, had persistently used his influence to bring about a union between his daughter and Hugh Danely, a wealthy, but profligate young man, who held a lien upon his remaining property.
To Danely's wooings and her father's importunities she had turned a deaf ear, pleading time in which to decide this momentous question.
An hour later, as she stood waiting for a conveyance to take her to the station, her father said: "Marthy, I'd like to know what you've done with all yer wages in these five years. I reckon ye ain't got no objections to tellin'?"
"Oh! certainly not," she replied; "I have loaned the money to that 'pig-headed farmer,' who is spending it on his education."
"The devil you did! Then it's my opinion—"
The slam of the carriage door and the rattle of wheels, caused that valuable opinion to "lose its sweetness on the desert air."
Fifteen years before, he had stood on those steps watching the receding form of a young boy, an adopted child, until it was lost in the gloom of gathering darkness. For some trivial offense he had driven this youth from him to battle alone with the world.
A few minutes later a little girl hurried down the road, and throwing her arms around the boy's neck, begged him to return.
But no, John Allen Wilberton would make his own way through life, and some day—ah, how young and old delight to feast upon those delicious, though deceptive, promises of "some day."
"Going! Going! Going!"
Job Allison realized that the little home, for which he had given the best

years of his life, was surely slipping from him. He had written Martha, asking her pardon for his hasty words, and begging her to reconsider her decision, and, by marrying Hugh Danely, save her aged parents from the humiliation of the "poor farm."

With his ear open to every sound of the auctioneer's voice, he paced nervously up and down the room. Would his letter reach her in time? And would she answer favorably? For the hundredth time he stopped and looked anxiously down the road.

"Gone!"
Job's head sank upon his breast as he exclaimed, in the bitterness of despair, "I will laugh at your calamity." He felt that this was a just retribution for his heartless cruelty toward little "Al" and Martha.

Great was his surprise to learn that, through a purchasing agency, the property had fallen to John, who had left his service a few days previous.

Sitting on his front porch, with head bowed in abject, hopeless despondency, Martha's belated reply was handed him. With reviving hope and trembling fingers, he tore it open. Its first sentence caused his heart to sink. It read:

"Dear Papa—I freely forgive you, but cannot accommodate you by marryin' Hugh."

He threw the inoffensive bit of paper down and set his foot upon it as if to crush it out of existence. He strode up and down in a torrent of passion, muttering vengeance on the whole human race.

As his anger subsided his mood changed. His mind went back to the time when there was no happier home than that of Job Allison's. His mind wandered to the village churchyard, where lay four of his loved ones. Martha was the only child left to him, and he had tried to barter away her honor and her happiness. A choking sensation came into his throat and the hot tears coursed down his aged cheeks as he remembered that he had no longer a home to which he could ever again welcome her.

His eyes rested upon the unfinished letter; he picked it up and read:

"Will be home to-morrow, to stay. Have just married the 'pig-headed farmer,' the boy whom you drove from home fifteen years ago. He calls himself 'John.'"

HIS SMOOTH TALK WASTED.

Book Agent's Wiles Lost on the Strong-Eyed Woman.

The sad-faced young man knocked timidly at the door of the house, and presently it was opened by a woman with a stony eye.

"I-I beg your pardon," said the sad-faced young man in confusion. "I see I have made a slight mistake. As a matter of fact, I have here a most remarkable work on 'How to Become Beautiful and Remain So.' It's price is \$1, and— But I can see, madam, that such a work would be useless to you who have the secret already. Perhaps, however, there may be another of your sex in this house to whom the priceless book would be of value?"

"Yes," said she of the stony eye; "there is."

And she disappeared.
In a few moments she returned, and with her came a fifty-pound bulldog, with bay-window teeth.

The sad-eyed young man slid down those steps like a thunderbolt in strict training, and as he flew he heard the voice of the stony-faced woman:

"This is the only one in this house your book's any good to. Next time you come, talk to her, and don't try blatherskiting me. I'm too tough!"

BOUND TO HAVE HER WAY.

Woman Comes From the Grave to See Promise Is Kept.

A remarkable ghost story is told in the parish of Burton Agnes, England. There years ago lived three sisters of the name of Boynton. The youngest of the three exacted the promise from the others that on her death her head should be placed on a table in the hall. She met with an accident shortly after, which resulted in her death. Her sisters neglected their promise to her and she was buried, head and all. But on the night after the burial the hall was thrown into terrible confusion and the dead lady appeared to her sisters with her head under her arm. She upbraided them with their neglected promise and, placing the head on the table, disappeared. In the morning the head was still there and on the coffin being dug up the body was found to be headless. Any attempt to remove the head was followed by disturbances during the night. It was even buried at a distance from the house, but was restored by the ghost. Eventually the head disappeared, but the disturbances continue nightly in the hall.

The Meeting of the Ships.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea, When calm had stilled the tide; A few bright days of summer gloe They found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave Rose mingling thence in mirth; And sweetly floated over the wave The melodies of earth.

Moontlight on that lone Indian main Cloudless and lovely slept; While dancing step and festive strain Each deck in triumph swept.

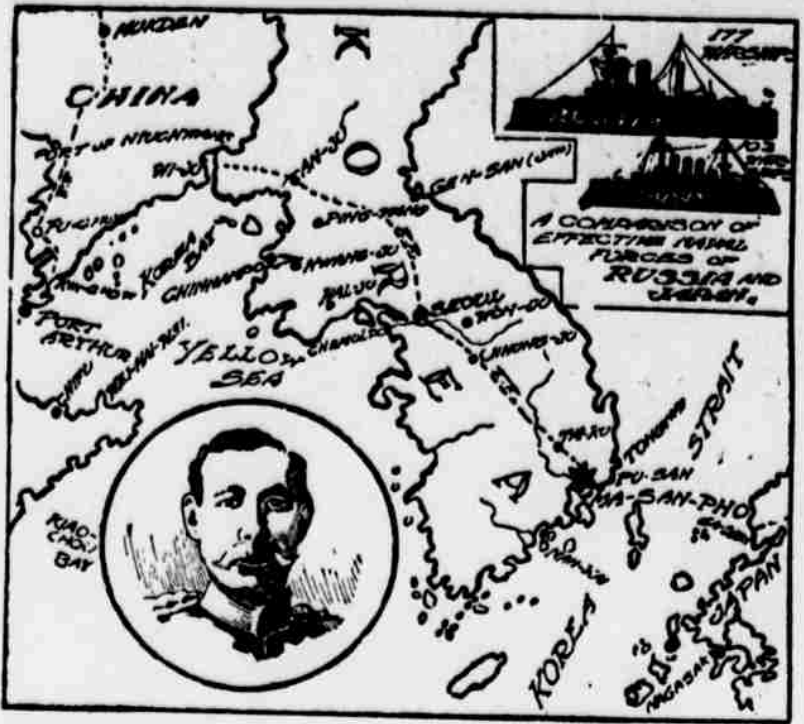
And hands were linked, and answering eyes With kindly meaning shone; O, brief and passing sympathies, Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast Over the deep's repose, Till the loud sinking winds at last Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way The parting vessels bore; In calm or storm, by rock or bay, To meet—O, nevermore!

Never to blend in victory's cheer, To aid in leuure of woe; And thus bright spirits mingle here, Such ties are formed below.—Fleischmann.

TERRITORY IN WHICH RUSSIAN-JAPANESE WAR WILL BE FOUGHT



Marquis Yamagata.

(Star marks location of Mo-San-Pho harbor, Korea, where fleets of the two nations are gathered.)

WAR NOW SEEMS CERTAIN.

Conflict Between Russia and Japan Expected by the Powers.

Advices from the far east state that M. Lessar, the Russian minister at Peking, has formally announced that the Manchurian convention has lapsed.

This tearing up of a formal treaty apparently means that Russia has arrived at the point where she feels secure in defying Japan as well as the powers by retaining her hold in Manchuria.

The news from Port Arthur, coming from Chefoo, directly across the gulf, seems to indicate that Japan and Russia are perilously near to hostilities.

A recent dispatch from Chefoo stated that the Russian fleet, ninety warships in all, had cleared from Port Arthur, and that it was expected that Japan would declare hostilities on the expiration of her ultimatum to Russia. It was also reported that Japan was sending troops at Ma-San-Pho, and that Russia had embarked a number of field guns at Port Arthur for an unknown destination.

A dispatch to the London Morning Post from Chefoo says:

"The situation is unchanged. All is quiet at Port Arthur. Hostilities are still believed to be imminent. There is an exodus of Chinese merchants from the Yalu valley. They are arriving at Chefoo."

A Singapore dispatch says that the British admirals of the China, Australian and East Indian squadrons have arrived at that port and will confer aboard H. M. S. Glory to discuss the questions of naval concentration and strategy in the far east.

It is pointed out that Japan is with- in her treaty rights in landing troops at Mo-San-Pho, as Corea has conceded Japan a piece of territory there in connection with the building of a railway. Russia, therefore, cannot assume that the landing of troops there is an act of war.

The declaration by Russia that the Manchurian convention has lapsed will excite but languid interest in London, as her refusal to withdraw her troops on Oct. 8, as she agreed, was considered practically an abrogation of the treaty.

The Manchurian convention between Russia and China was signed on April 8, 1902, and according to it the evacuation of the three Manchurian provinces was to be carried out in three successive periods of six months from the signing of the convention.

A note from M. Lessar was appended to the convention, declaring that "if the Chinese government, notwithstanding the assurances given by it, violates any provision of the convention, the Russian government will not hold itself bound either by the terms of the Manchurian agreement or by the declarations previously made in connection with the matter, and will be compelled to repudiate any responsibility and consequences that might result therefrom."

China was to be permitted to retain whatever force she thought necessary in Manchuria after the evacuation of that territory. Russia also agreed that, if Tien Tsin was restored to the Chinese within the first six months, to evacuate New Chwang at the time this restoration was made. The allies turned over Tien Tsin to the Chinese Aug. 15 last year. The convention was to have been ratified within three months, but this was not done.

Last month M. Lessar, in his note to the Chinese foreign board, promised to begin the evacuation of Manchuria Oct. 8, provided China accepted several conditions, which China has refused to do, under pressure principally from Japan and Great Britain.

Senator Quay's Birthday.

Senator Matthew Stanley Quay was 70 years old last week and at his home in Beaver, Pa., he received shoals of pleasant messages from all over the country. Believing it would be a busy day, he arose a couple of hours earlier than usual and took an eight-mile stroll before breakfast. In the forenoon he appeared in court to give his opinion as to the value of a piece of property which was in dispute. After lunch he held an informal levee and in the evening presided at a family dinner.

LABOUCHERE HAS SEEN MUCH

Long and Varied Career of Famous London Editor.

Perhaps the most interesting man in London is Henry Labouchere editor of Truth, "the perennial gamin," as T. P. O'Connor calls him. "When you look into his face," says Mr. O'Connor, "it is difficult to believe you ears when he speaks to you of the America that existed before the civil war; when he talks to you of Daniel Webster as of an intimate acquaintance, and when he recalls long evenings he spent in beer saloons at Frankfurt with Bismarck, when Bismarck was better known for the voracity of his appetite and the opulence of his power of drinking than for his more important gifts. There is something weird, is there not, in the life of a man who has seen so much of Europe and of a life that has passed as irre- vocably away as though it were Noah and the ark, who has himself lived so many lives and passed through so many phases and careers, and who yet to-day is young enough to be as deeply interested as the youngest M. P. in a general election or a parliamentary intrigue?"

NEW MANY FAMOUS MEN.

Recently Deceased English Woman a Link With the Past.

Miss Horace Smith, who died recently at Brighton, England, had memories literary and otherwise which went back a very long way indeed. She was a remarkable link with the past. The Athenaeum says of her: "Her grandfather had hunted with Louis XV, her uncle had met Dr. Johnson and she herself was probably the last person living who remembered Keats, having seen, as a child, the poet in her father's garden at Fulham. Although she steadfastly declined to be interviewed or to put her recollections into print, she was famous among her friends for her store of anecdotes and animated flow of conversation. To her father, of 'Rejected Addresses' fame, she owed her youthful acquaintance with many of the celebrities of the time and she inherited his warm friendship with Thackeray, with whose daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, she was intimate to the last."

Wants Points on Horse Breeding.

Prof. K. Imai, a naturalist attached to the Imperial University of Tokyo, Japan, is to study the Kentucky horse. He has been studying horse-breeding for several years in England, Germany and France and comes here from England. He was sent here from England by the government of Japan to study the Kentucky horse and will visit the principal horse-breeding establishments in and around Fayette county. He says that there are sixteen government stock farms in his country which are used for the purpose of breeding horses to be used by the cavalry of Japan, and his study of the Kentucky horse is to further the breed in Japan for military purposes.

Ask Recognition for Pioneer.

Those descendants of Conrad Weiser who live in Pennsylvania will urge the next legislature to make provision for a monument over his neglected grave in Womelsdorf, near Reading. Weiser is remembered as the pioneer Pennsylvania-German settler. In colonial times he was prominent as Indian interpreter, trader and justice, being the first resident judge of what is now Berks county. One of his daughters married Rev. Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, father of the Lutheran church in this country, and from this union descended a long line of men distinguished in politics, law and the ministry.

Prominent Men to Lecture.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, ex-Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith, ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison, Prof. J. G. Schurman, Congressman Champ Clark, George Kennan, William J. Bryan, Gen. Nelson A. Miles and a number of other prominent Americans are to deliver a series of lectures in various cities this fall and winter for the joint benefit of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial association and the Jefferson Memorial Avenue association.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Madam," remarked the weary way-farer with his eye bandaged, "I was not always as you see me now." "I know that," replied the stern-visaged woman at the back door. "The last time you were here you had a 'deaf and dumb' sign on."

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 3 oz. package, 5 cents.

A Clever Apology.

This is the classic apology of a celebrated statesman of the last generation: "Mr. Speaker, in the heat of debate I stated that the right honorable gentleman opposite was a dishonest and unprincipled adventurer. I have now, in a calmer moment, to state that I am sorry for it."—London Tit-Bits.

Beethoven's "Sympathies."

Mrs. Malaprop still lives. It was Miss—of a Western city, visiting friends in New York, who, on being asked what kind of music she preferred after dinner, said naively and with amazing confidence, "I just dote on Beethoven's sympathies; do, Professor, play some of them."

On a Limited Train to California.

Luxurious service between the East and California has come to stay. Each year the equipment on the leading trans-continental lines is a little better than the year before. The traveling public demand the best and are willing to pay for it.

The Santa Fe announces that daily service of its California Limited train for season of 1903-1904 will be resumed November 29; until then it is semi-weekly. The California Limited runs between Chicago on the East, and Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Francisco on the west—a straight-away flight of more than two thousand miles. The time to Los Angeles is less than three days from Chicago. The route is through New Mexico and Arizona, south of the region of heavy snows, and traversing a land of enchantment, where the traveler sees Indian pueblos, canyons a mile deep and peaks two miles high.

The train itself comprises compartment, observation and drawing-room Pullmans, dining-car and buffet-smoker. Equipment as fine as money can buy, and service absolutely highest class. Perhaps the meals, under management of Mr. Harvey, are the most notable feature of the California Limited. They have a national reputation and are faultless.

The fact that this is the eighth season for the Limited ought to mean something to travelers who seek the best way to reach California.

Tuberculosis in Fish.

That fishes and frogs may have tuberculosis has been demonstrated in the Pasteur Institute in Paris. This is no cause for alarm, however, for they are found only in the intestinal organs, would be killed in cooking anyway, and bacilli reared in a cold-blooded animal could not thrive if transferred to man.

"The question of labor is really assuming a serious aspect," says Lord Alfred Milner, governor of the British South African colonies, "in public works in the Transvaal, British labor unions will probably prevent the use of alien labor."

Quite a Monument.

Some one has proposed that a monument be erected to the memory of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. What better monument could be conceived or could be more lasting than the American republic?

Fish Swallows Letters.

Some Spanish fishermen at Aguilas found a corpulent fish in their catch. Cutting it open they found twenty old letters it had swallowed.

All Cured by the Remedy.

It is several years since a remedy for mosquitoes was discovered. Now they are worse than ever.

Foreign Millionaires.

There are four millionaires in Britain to one in France.



For Rheumatism

Neuralgia Sprains
Lumbago Bruises
Backache Soreness
Sciatica Stiffness

Use the old reliable remedy

St. Jacobs Oil

Price, 25c. and 50c.



Scrutinized him from head to foot, atool, with four walls around him, and a little window on top, a-writin' things tellin' us feller how to farm. Why, Marier, she's that ashamed of him she won't even tell his name."
Mrs. Allison seldom argued with Job on knotty points. It didn't pay. Besides, she knew that Martha usually had her way.
"They ain't no use talkin'," he continued. "I've worked nigh on to fifty year a-gittin' this farm, an' I per-pose ter leave it to Martha ef—under-stand, Marier—I—"